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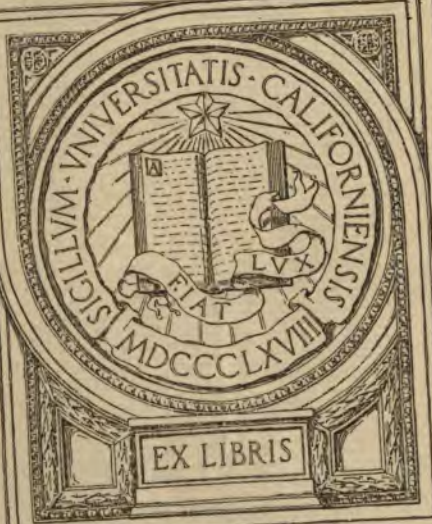

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NATION BUILDING

TO THE DAUGHTERS OF
AMERICAN REVOLUTION

MARY BIRD CLAYES

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NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY-TWO

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NATION BUILDING

WITH high resolve our Fathers fought for Freedom,
Inspired by God and lofty Patriotism,
They gave no heed to hunger, rags and cold.
Their pass-words on the march, in field and camp,
"Endure all hardness like true soldiers brave,
To found a Nation is a glorious task."

And when a lasting Vict'ry brought them Peace,
And gave them Liberty so dearly won,
They dedicated all they were to build
The deep and broad foundations of our State.

A precious corner-stone they set therein,
Filled with the priceless treasures of the race,—
Ideals of honor, loyalty and love
For God, for Country and for all mankind.
Inscribed thereon were names of noble worth—
The names of all who from a bounteous store
Did freely place great gifts of mind and heart
On Freedom's high and holy Altar.

Then massive blocks of stone, rough-hewn, were sought
From all the quarries of the great, wide world—
Enduring granite and the yield of Paros fair,
Without the stain of brutal selfishness,
Free from the flaw of avarice ignoble.

With plummet and the line they laid aright
The pile of granite rock that God decreed
Should be their blessed privilege to place
In this dear Structure of our Sacred Nation.
In their far-seeing wisdom did they plan,
That all who followed them in years to come
Should have a part in setting flawless blocks,
With plummet and the line in Freedom's Temple.
A train of loyal sons and daughters fair
Have held their heritage a sacred trust.
When brutal selfishness the stones did mar,
And avarice ignoble smeared them o'er,
The heirs, full worthy of a race high-minded,
With their own blood did wash away each stain,
And raised aloft a glorious Edifice,
Unsullied, consecrated to mankind,
Acceptable to God in Whom they trusted.

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ND we, now, in our turn are seeking out
The precious rock, unmarred by avarice,
Without the flaw of selfishness of purpose,
Stones radiant with high ideals of honor,
For we would play our part in Nation building,
Would raise aloft a glorious Edifice,
Unsullied, consecrated to Mankind,
Acceptable to God, in Whom we trust.

No holier, nobler cause can we espouse
Than that of opening wide the eyes of men
That they may see the hills on every side
Filled with the gleaming Chariots of God,
So they may know a Power Invisible
Does aid them in the task of keeping pure
The massive giant, granite blocks rough-hewn,
The whiteness of the yield of Paros fair,—
That thus they may be filled with high resolve
To raise aloft a glorious Edifice,
Unsullied, consecrated to mankind,
Acceptable to God, in Whom they trust.

—Mary Bird Clayes.

Mary Bird Clayes

Berkeley, California.
February 22, 1922.

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PEACE

TO THE WISEMEN OF NINETEEN-TWENTY-ONE

THE tramp of many feet, the clash of arms, the shouts of men!
Then sounds of woe and anguish rend the air—
The wails of infants and the cries of tender maids and matrons,
And all the streets run blood.
The onward-rushing mass of flames devours
From out the sight of men forevermore
All that the skilled artificers have wrought
Through many ages.

How cruel and how terrible the tale
That fills the dark and gloomy page
From Malachi to Matthew.

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Mary Bird Clayes

SOME shepherds in the fields by night
Were watching o'er their flocks—
When suddenly the light from God's own throne
Shone forth upon the darkness of a war-spent world,
And from the Heavens, Angelic Hosts
Proclaimed the presence of the Prince of Peace,
Bidding these simple folk to follow on
Whither the Gleaming star did lead the way,
To that Dear Little Child
Who was to be the Guide for all mankind
In the great search for Truth and Peace.
Wisemen brought their gold, frankincense and the myrrh—
Laying their richest treasures at His Feet.
In all the centuries that have past
Since His Dear Presence sanctified the world,
Have Wisemen dedicated to His Cause
Their greatest gifts.

"DOWN with the Christ of Peace! Away with Mercy!"
So shout the men who have rejected Love
And His Compassion and Warriors go forth
Slaughtering the Innocents, and once again
The streets and fields run blood.
Lo, men who love sweet Peace rise up,
Push back the mighty wall of war-mad creatures,
Restoring Peace and Love to theirown place.

AGAIN a clear and silent night,
And Wisemen gather from all corners of the earth,
Bringing as their incense, love for God and all mankind,
And the costliest treasure of their great intelligence.
Grant to them, dear Lord, the vision of a world-wide Peace.
Bright Star of Hope, lead them to the Manger
Of God's dear Son,
O'er which Angelic Hosts proclaim to all the world
The Perfect Peace and Love of God our Saviour.

—MARY BIRD CLAYES
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